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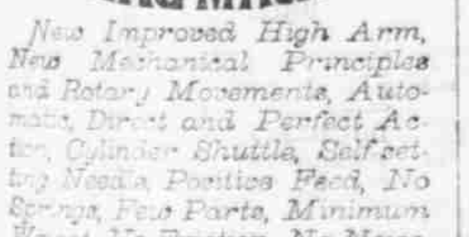

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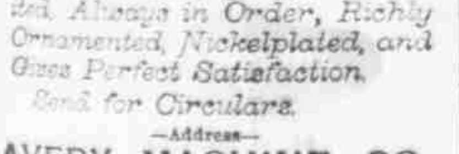

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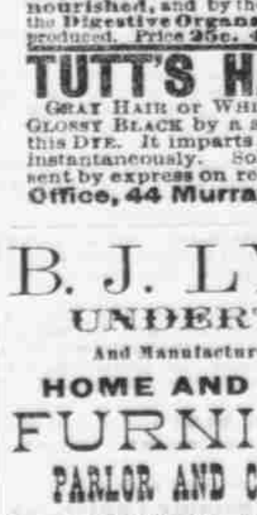

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WON FOR A WAGER.

CHAPTER I.
THE WAGER.

It was a warm afternoon in June as two well-dressed gentlemen were walking down the shady side of Piccadilly.

The elder of the two could not have been mistaken for anything but a soldier.

It was not only his bronzed complexion, luxuriant moustache, and his erect bearing, but there is a *je ne sais quoi* about a military man that always betrays him to the careful observer.

As a matter of fact, Harry St. Albans was in the Guards, and was generally acknowledged to be one of the handsomest of that regiment of Adonises.

His companion was Horace Austen, who in order to avoid the stigma of being called an idle man, had chosen diplomacy as a profession.

No doubt he would have been an honor to it, and have left a well-known name behind him, but, unfortunately, when his father died he had been left sole possessor of about fifteen thousand a year, together with the patrimonial acres in Leicestershire.

Of course there was no necessity for him to work under the circumstances, and accordingly he enjoyed life after his own fashion.

There was a great difference between these two men, and it was probably the total dissimilarity of their natures and characters that made them such staunch friends.

St. Albans was firm and determined, but seldom lost his temper. He was studious—for a soldier, and cared but little for the empty chit-chat of society.

He was very proud, and somewhat sensitive, and would rather suffer anything than it should be imagined that he feared to embark in any enterprise, however hazardous, or that he considered anything impossible.

It was a favorite aphorism of his that there was no such word as "cannot" in the English language.

Horace Austen, on the contrary, was weak and vacillating, hasty and irritable, and would as soon have thought of running a mile as of reading for even an hour. He was as big a gossip as the proverbial "old woman," and was never happier than when detailing the latest *on dits.*

With all this he was good-hearted and generous to a fault; his defects arose chiefly from want of thought, and were rather those of omission than commission.

"She is certainly a most beautiful girl," observed Austen, curling the tips of his rather weakly little black moustache.

"Yes," replied St. Albans, rather absently.

"But awfully proud," continued Austen.

"I didn't think so," answered the guardsman.

"Why, my dear fellow," exclaimed the little diplomatist, "to my certain knowledge she declined to dance with between twenty and thirty of the best *partis* in the room last night, and kept her card half empty. And when I said, 'My dear Miss Carlton, may I take the liberty of enquiring why you have refused so many dances?' she turned her big eyes full upon me—you know the way she has, as though she were piercing you through and through—and replied: 'You may take the liberty, Mr. Austen, but I don't think I should, if I were you.' 'Why not, Miss Carlton?' I asked. 'Because it will be so much more pleasant for both of us if you will mind your own business.'"

A low laugh escaped from St. Albans as his friend concluded, and he observed:

"That was awfully good! You must have felt rather sat upon?"

"Good, do you call it?" cried Austen with mock indignation. "By Jove, I did not think so, and I know if she hadn't been such a deuced pretty girl I should have said something rude."

"You'd only have been sorry afterwards," remarked St. Albans.

"I suppose I should," replied Austen. "Besides, Isabel Carlton has something about her that seems to keep a fellow within bounds, you know."

"Has she, indeed?" observed St. Albans with languid interest. "I must pay more attention to her. I was only introduced to her last night, you know."

"And didn't you think she was charming?"

"I only noticed that she was a remarkably pretty girl, and waltzed better than any one I have danced with this year," answered the guardsman. "But you know, old man, I am not so impressible as you are, and don't go into raptures over every pink and white complexion I come across."

"You are a cold-hearted wretch, Harry," laughed Austen. "Here are half the loveliest girls in town sighing for you, and you don't care a bit."

"To tell you the truth," replied St. Albans, "although it may sound conceited, I strongly object to being run after. I like a woman to be perfectly feminine, and directly she begins to set her cap at, or encourages a man, she loses her chief charm."

"You needn't be afraid of her doing that!" exclaimed Austen. "She's a very different sort of girl to that."

"Indeed!"

"Don't you think so?" asked Austen.

"I haven't thought much on the subject," replied the guardsman carelessly.

"But honestly, old man," said his friend earnestly, "what is your opinion of her?"

"Oh, I think she is very much like the rest of her sex," answered St. Albans; "easily won if a man only goes the right way to work."

"You are wrong, Harry," cried Austen. "I am persuaded you have made a mistake this time. Of course I know the experience you have had among the ladies, but Isabel Carlton is very different to the majority of girls."

"All right, Horace, if you like to think so," replied St. Albans; "but when you know as much about them as I do, you will agree with me that they are all alike. Some are a little better, some a little worse; but——"

All at once somebody paused just in front of them, and a voice they both knew exclaimed:

"How are you, dear boys? What may be the subject of conversation? It must be wonderfully interesting, for you have cut about half-a-dozen people who have bowed and nodded to you, knocked down four or five old women and children, cannoned against any amount of male pedestrians, and were finally about to pass me without recognition!"

The speaker was a friend of Austen's and an acquaintance of St. Albans.

His name was Barbsly, he had traveled a good deal, and seemed to have brought home the vices of the different countries he had visited.

He was a handsome man of the Machiavelian type of countenance.

Dark, with pointed black moustache, large black eyes, low forehead, and thin lips with an habitual sneer ever upon them.

Horace Austen shook hands with him, and replied:

"We were arguing about a young lady we saw at the Countess of Argand's last night; St. Albans is such a lady-killer that he seems to imagine he has only to look at a girl, and she is immediately won. I was maintaining that this young lady would prove an exception to the rule."

"Perhaps Captain St. Albans argues from experience," observed Barbsly with his usual satirical smile. "But may I enquire who the young lady in question is?"

"Miss Carlton," replied Austen; "one of the finest girls in London."

A slight change passed across Barbsly's countenance, but he regained his composure so rapidly that neither of his companions noticed it.

"I am acquainted with the young lady you have been speaking about," said he quickly, "and I am of your opinion, Austen, that in spite of his well known successes among the fair sex, he is boasting of what he would find beyond his strength."

"I was not boasting at all," remarked St. Albans quietly, "I merely observed that I thought Miss Carlton was constituted very much like other young ladies."

"In what respect?"

"In that any decent-looking man, who chose to take the trouble, could win her," answered St. Albans.

"You are wrong, St. Albans," exclaimed Barbsly, who had turned round and was now walking with the two friends; "you are wrong, I can assure you. I have known Miss Carlton for some time, and she is utterly without heart."

"Do you think so?" asked the guardsman negligently.

"I am sure of it," replied Barbsly, in for him a somewhat excited manner; "and, what is more, I will back my opinion for five hundred—a thousand—any sum you like."

"It is scarcely a thing I care for betting about," answered St. Albans.

"What, have you changed your mind?" cried Barbsly. "I thought so!"

"I have not altered my opinion in the least," answered St. Albans; "but when I was at Eton it was not considered good form to bet about women; perhaps they have different ideas where you have been traveling. Where is it—Africa, South America, or Japan?"

For a moment Barbsly clenched his teeth, and a lurid light shone in his eyes, but by a violent effort he succeeded in dismissing his emotion, and replied with a low mocking laugh:

"That's a very good excuse, St. Albans, but it won't hold water. You can't pretend to think that anything that occurred between us in confidence would ever be divulged. Whenever a man contradicts or differs from me, I always like him to back his opinion, unless, indeed, he has conscientious scruples; but you are not a Quaker, Captain St. Albans, are you?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Austen. "Take his bet, Harry. It is only a bit of fun, of course, and will never be known beyond ourselves."

"I don't like it," said St. Albans.

"Will you retract your opinion then?"

"No, I'll be hanged if I do," replied the guardsman. "I'll take your wager. How much shall it be?"

"Whatever you like."

"Say five hundred pounds, then."

"All right," agreed Barbsly, pulling out a little betting-book, and making a note. "And what length of time will you take to bring this haughty young lady down to her bearings?"

"Shall we say three months?"

"Oh, you had better take until Christmas," answered the other; "it will give you more chance; and you will require all that time—and a year or two longer."

"Just as you like," said St. Albans carelessly.

"Then it stands as follows," exclaimed Barbsly, looking at his book: "Captain St. Albans bets Marcus Barbsly five hundred pounds that he will win Isabel Carlton within the space of six months; dated the 13th of June, 18—"

"That will do," replied the guardsman listlessly; then turning round he added: "We are going down St. James's-street; which way are you traveling?"

This hint was too plain to be resisted. Barbsly colored deeply, and was about to make a remark, but controlling himself he remarked:

"I am going straight on. Bye-bye."

"Why did you get rid of Barbsly like that?" enquired Austen as soon as they were alone.

"Because the fellow is such a consummate cad," answered St. Albans. "I never could bear the man, but after this afternoon's business, I dislike him more than ever."

"What has he done?" asked Austen.

"Why, your own common sense ought to tell you," responded the guardsman, who was more put out than his friend had ever seen him. "In the first place he had no right, as a gentleman—which he is supposed to be—to offer to bet about Isabel Carlton; and then seeing that I did not care about it, it was a most ill-bred thing for him to force the wager upon me in the manner in which he did!"

"But if you didn't like it," inquired Austen, "why did you accept it?"

"Because I'm a fool," answered St. Albans curtly.

"No, Harry, you are not a fool," observed Austen; but——"

"Look here, old man," interrupted his friend, "let us drop the subject please. I am sick of it, and for two pins I'd send the fellow his money and scratch the bet."

CHAPTER II.
A GOOD COMMENCEMENT.

After this Austen held his peace, and they continued to walk on in silence.

They had just arrived at the end of the street, and were about to cross over, when a sudden exclamation from his friend drew St. Albans attention to an old gentleman who was standing nearly in the centre of the roadway.

Owing to a levee that was being held at the palace, St. James's-street was crowded with vehicles of all descriptions from the humble hansom to the dashing drag.

In the midst of this crowd of carriages the old gentleman was standing, leaning upon a stick.

He had succeeded in crossing half over, and then, hemmed in on every side, he was unable either to advance or retreat.

"By heavens!" exclaimed Austen, "he will be knocked down and run over."

As he spoke the old gentleman was standing erect, eyeing the approaching vehicles defiantly.

At this moment a handsom cab dashed round the corner at full speed, the driver whipping up his animal to renewed speed.

In an instant St. Albans took in the scene.

Before a warning could possibly be given or understood, the cab would have passed over the prostrate body of the old man.

Without the slightest hesitation St. Albans sprang into the road.

Pushing past the horses' heads, dodging some and bending under others, he threw himself in front of the helpless old man.

The next moment the hansom was upon them.

With a grasp of iron St. Albans seized the horse's reins close by the bit.

Then exerting his immense strength, he forced the animal back upon his haunches.

The cabman now commenced to be abusive, but, fortunately, a policeman made his appearance, and St. Albans was enabled to land the old gentleman with safety upon the pavement.

"My dear sir," he exclaimed, holding out both his hands, "you have saved my life! What more can I say? I was all through the Crimean campaign, and witnessed some gallant actions, but I never saw anything to beat your pluck and promptitude of action!"

"My dear sir, pray don't mention it," replied St. Albans, "I only stopped a horse."

"And lucky for me you were there to stop it, or I shouldn't be standing here now," answered the old man.

Then catching sight of Austen, whom he had not noticed before, owing to his excitement, he exclaimed:

"Ah, Austen, my young friend, I am glad to see you. Doubly glad because you can do me the favor of introducing me to this gentleman."

"With pleasure, general," replied Austen. "Allow me to introduce you: General Carlton, Captain St. Albans—Captain St. Albans, General Carlton."

"More than pleased, sir, to make your acquaintance," cried the general, "and a very lucky acquaintance for me. And now what are you young gentlemen going to do this evening? If you are not engaged, you must come and dine with me."

"Only too happy," answered St. Albans.

"Very good. Then I shall depend upon you," said the old gentleman. "Seven sharp! You can show your friend the way, Austen. Until then good-bye."

A hearty shake of the hand and they parted; the old general going in one direction, and the two friends in the other.

"What a curious coincidence," exclaimed St. Albans. "I might have waited for five years if I had tried for such a thing."

"Deuced strange," said Austen.

"Bye-the-bye, you never told me you were on familiar terms with the family," continued the guardsman, "or even that you knew the old gentleman."

"You didn't give me an opportunity," replied Austen, coloring slightly; "you shut a fellow up so that he has no chance to say half he wants to."

"I say, old man," said St. Albans in a low deep voice, and looking searchingly at him as he spoke; "there's nothing between you and this girl, is there? If so, for Heaven's sake, speak out, and Barbsly and his bet may all go to the deuce together for what I care!"

"No, indeed, Harry," answered Austen. "She cares no more for me than she does for you. I admire her, of course, as anyone would who had the slightest perception of the beautiful, but she certainly does not return my admiration."

"That is all right then," remarked St. Albans. "Now let us go in and have a brandy-and-soda."

The motion was agreed to, and carried. After which came a game of billiards, and then they adjourned to their chambers in order to dress for dinner.

It was about a quarter to seven as they alighted from their hansom at the general's door, and as they were going up the steps the general himself drove up.

They entered together, and Carlton said:

"Come upstairs, my boy, and let me introduce my daughter to the man who saved my life."

They entered the drawing-room where two young ladies were seated.

Isabel Carlton and her cousin, Lucy Meredith.

Isabel Carlton was a magnificent brunette, with very large eyes, gorgeous hair, and a clear pale complexion.

Her form was most voluptuously moulded, and her features were as regular and as perfect as though they had been cut from marble. Lucy Meredith, on the contrary, was a blonde, *petite*, with blue eyes, and golden hair, her little nose a trifle "tip-tilted," as the Poet Laureate expresses it, and innocent mischief lurking in every dimple. There was nothing regular in her countenance, and yet the *tout ensemble* made a charming face.

"Oh, papa," cried Isabel, rising as her father came in, "what has made you so late? We were getting quite anxious!"

"You may well have felt anxious, my dear," replied the general. "For if it had not been for this gentleman I should never have returned alive."

"What do you mean, papa?" gasped Isabel, looking from one to the other as though to ascertain the signification of her father's words. "I don't understand."

"Why, my dear, I was in the middle of St. James's-street, crossing over, when my gouty foot gave me a reminder. I waited for half a minute, and then I saw a cab charging down upon me, as hard as the man could drive; I couldn't get out of the way, and I gave myself up for lost. Suddenly Captain St. Albans dashed in among the vehicles, laid hold of the horse, forced him back, and got me safely on to the pavement. By-the-bye, how did you manage that, St. Albans? Upon my soul, I believe you carried me. Never mind, here I am, safe and sound, and now I'll run away and dress, while you thank the gentleman who saved your poor old father's life."

[*To be Continued.*]

Bible Revision.

Perhaps the revision of the Bible was unnecessary after all. The Boston historian is impelled to this reflection by a sage remark which was uttered in his hearing in a street-car the other day. On the opposite side of the car were two women, who were talking rather loudly. Said one:

"Did you know Sarah had had another lot of money left her by her cousin's will?"

"Law me!" exclaimed the other, "the Bible never said a truer word than 'them that has gits.'"

A WREATH OF ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

* * * * * * *

On the following morning, just after breakfast, Grace came hurriedly into the sitting-room in which Rowland was seated. She looked scared and excited.

"What is it, my dear?" asked Rowland, rising and folding her in his arms.

"Why, Rowland, what should you think? I cannot find my wreath."

"Your wreath? Why, is it not in the box?"

"No, the box is empty."

"Strange! Well, you must have mislaid it."

"No, indeed; that would be impossible, for previous to my accident it was in the box, and I placed it in my trunk and locked it."

"Are you sure?"

"Oh, quite. I recollect that I showed it to Ethel, and after that I put it away again."

"Well, that is most extraordinary. How on earth could it have vanished? Did you lock your trunk? But there, no one would take such a thing as a wreath of orange-blossoms. It is, putting it in the words of the advertisements, 'of no value except to the owner.' Had you not better question the servants?"

"I will, a little later on, but I don't think it will be of much use. Surely none of them would tamper with such a thing. I——"

At this moment Sir Rowland entered, followed by Mrs. Danvers.

"Rowland," said his father, "have you seen anything of Ethel?"

"This morning?"

"Aye, my son."

"No, indeed. In fact I have not seen her since yesterday morning."

"Nor I," said Grace.

"Gracious Heavens!" cried Sir Rowland, "where can the girl be?"

"My poor child!" moaned Mrs. Danvers, falling into the nearest seat.

"What has happened?" asked Rowland, amazed beyond measure.

"She is not in her room," said Mrs. Danvers, "and her bed has not been touched."

"Surely you are mistaken!" cried Grace, turning very pale.

"No, no. There is no mistake, she has gone—gone!"

"Gone. But where would she go? I—"

The maid now appeared at the door, her apron to her eyes, and in one hand she held a letter.

"Have you examined her boxes?" asked Sir Rowland.

"Yes sir. But there are no dresses missing. Everything is in the same place as I put them yesterday morning, after assisting her to put on her white satin. But in one of the boxes I found this letter," handing it to Mrs. Danvers; "it is addressed to you, madam."

Mrs. Danvers eagerly took the letter and tore it open.

All bent over her, and suddenly Grace and Rowland uttered cries of astonishment.

And well they might, for the first thing Mrs. Danvers brought forth was a long tress of shining dark hair.

There could be no mistake about it; all recognized it as Ethel's.

Around it was a slip of white paper, and upon that these words:

"To ROWLAND SAXBY,
This keep in remembrance of me."

Mrs. Danvers sank again into a seat. Handing the letter to Rowland, she requested him to read it.

Her eyes were blinded with tears.

Rowland did as desired, and in a low voice read as follows:

DEAR MOTHER.—Ere this letter is in your hands I shall have left you never to return. Ah, me! You, and you alone, knew how well and truly, how passionately, I loved Rowland. [Rowland started, and Grace hung her head] And oh, to think that my love was so totally ignored for Grace. Why is it that he loves her so well, I wonder? Well, well, that matters not now. It is past. I have taken my resolve. Without him, life is not worth having. But not only does he not love me, but one whom at one time did, loves me not. He scorns me because I—but that I will leave him to speak about if he thinks proper. Mother, some time ago Rowland gave Grace a wreath of orange-blossoms. They were worn by his mother on the day she was married, and he intended Grace to wear them on her wedding day. But she will never wear them. Never! When next you see me, you will find them fixed firmly upon the brow of your unhappy daughter ETHEL.

"Farewell! May Heaven have mercy upon me."

A deathlike silence prevailed for some few moments, broken only by the sobs of Mrs. Danvers and Grace.

At length Sir Rowland, rousing himself, cried:

"Rowland, quick, order the servants to search the house, and assist yourself. I will go and collect the keepers and we will search the grounds."

And search they did, and no one was more eager than Leon, but they searched in vain.

When night came on, unknown to Mrs. Danvers, the lake was searched, but no, there was no sign of the missing Ethel.

She had vanished completely, but where? Attired as she was, it was certain she could not have gone far.

Alas! The party at Blexley House was suddenly plunged from happiness into gloom and misery.

CHAPTER VII.

Another week passed away. Search had been made in every direction for Ethel, advertisements had been scattered broadcast over the country, calling upon her in endearing terms to return.

From the time of Ethel's disappearance Mrs. Danvers had been laid upon a bed of sickness—ay, and dying, slowly but surely, of a broken heart.

One evening, or rather night, Sir Rowland and his son, Leon, and Grace with her mother, and numerous guests, were seated in the drawing-room discussing the advisability of employing the services of experienced detectives, when the footman announced that one of the gamekeepers wished to see Mr. Rowland at once.

"Show him in," said Rowland.

The man hastily entered, but no sooner had he done so, than the gun he was carrying dropped with a loud thud to the floor. He was violently agitated, and looked around at the guests with a frightened stare.

"What is it, man?" cried Rowland.

The man opened his lips but no sound issued from them.

Rowland rang the bell violently, and desired the servant to immediately bring brandy.

This was done and the man drank off a large glass. Then he said in trembling tones: "Oh, Master Rowland, do come to the lake; *she* is there!"

All leaped to their feet. They knew what the man meant.

"In the lake, do you mean, man?" cried Rowland, taking him by the arm.

The man nodded his head.

"How do you know?"

"I know it, sir. Oh yes, it's her, or I'm not a living man. She is floating among the weeds. She is——"

Rowland waited to hear no more. He rushed wildly from the house followed by Leon and several gentlemen.

The night was very dark, huge black clouds floated overhead, giving signs of a coming storm, the lake was in darkness, and for some moments not one of the now excited persons assembled on its banks could see any object in the water.

They were beginning to fancy that what the gamekeeper had said existed in his own imagination, when suddenly, much after the manner of a flash of lightning, the moon burst through the clouds and illuminated the lake.

Simultaneously a cry of horror escaped the lips of all present.

There, in the very centre of the lake, and in the midst of several clusters of lilies, was a white form.

The form of a female. Her face was turned upward, her hands meekly crossed upon her breast, and upon her brow was—a wreath of orange blossoms!

It was indeed a striking and awful picture, and one which was never forgotten by those who saw it.

Leon did not wait to run round the lake for a boat, but tearing off his coat he plunged in, and shortly the body of the unfortunate girl was lying upon the bank.

As they looked at that wet form, and noticed the peaceful expression upon her face, more than one strong man burst into tears.

Leon took her in his arms and followed by the others, walked slowly to the house.

It was a mournful procession.

They were met at the entrance by Sir Rowland, who had had the forethought to tell the ladies to keep inside.

Poor old Sir Rowland saw that what the gamekeeper had said was correct, but he felt he could not look at the unfortunate Ethel, so turning his face away, he allowed them to pass in.

Pillows were brought and they laid her tenderly upon the table in the sitting-room.

They touched nothing. The wreath of orange-blossoms, which she had fixed tightly upon her brow by a small brooch on either side, they did not attempt to move.

Grace and her mother begged hard to be allowed to take one look, but they were gently but firmly denied.

Sir Rowland determined to wait until the morning before the news of the discovery of Ethel should be broken to her mother.

But when the morning dawned two persons lay dead in that house.

Mrs. Danvers had passed peacefully away in her sleep. A merciful Providence had spared her the agony of knowing that her daughter had taken her own life.

And, strange to say, this occurred on the very day that Rowland was to have led Grace to the altar.

One by one the guests sadly departed to their homes, and then the relatives and friends of Mrs. Danvers and her daughter were summoned to Blexley.

Two days after being found, an inquest was held upon Ethel, and after a most minute investigation, the jury returned the merciful verdict that "Ethel Danvers was found drowned, but how she came into the water there was no evidence to show."

Mother and daughter were laid side by side, and at this present moment there exists in Blexley Churchyard the granite tombstone upon which is recorded their names and ages, and any visitor may see it if he will slowly traverse the first gravel path after entering the gates.

* * * * * * *

The marriage between Rowland and Grace was delayed twelve months, but at last Blexley was *en fête*, triumphal arches were erected in the roads, the bells rang a merry peal, and the lads and lasses of Blexley and the surrounding neighborhood footed it right merrily to the tunes of the spirited band from London.

And though old Sir Rowland did not join in the sports, he was none the less happy.

The one desire of his life was eventually fulfilled, and that was to live to nurse one at least of his son's children. Ay, but it was more than fulfilled, for he lived to nurse no less than four.

* * * * * * *

After Rowland's marriage, Leon traveled first from one part and then to another—never at rest. But at last the dart from Cupid's bow once more arrested him. This time his wooing did not last long, and in less than twelve months after Rowland, he also was married, and, we may add, he and his wife were very happy.

* * * * * * *

In a very ancient cabinet in Grace's dressing-room is a mahogany box bound with gold. It is carefully locked out of sight, but when any of her relations or dear friends visit her, Grace will take it out, tell them its history, and in the end will open it and display a torn and tangled, but still distinguishable—what? Simply

A WREATH OF ORANGE-BLOSSOMS.

A Jordan Railroad.

Some of the railways down in Georgia are a little shaky. The old Jerkwater line is especially loose in the joints. A commercial traveller relates a little experience while bounding over that road. "We were whooping along," he said, "at the rate of about seven miles an hour, and the old train was weaving terribly. I expected every minute to see my bones protruding through my skin. Passengers were rolling from one end of the car to the other. I held on like grim death to the arms of my seat. Presently we settled down to quiet running—at least I could keep my hat on, and my teeth didn't chatter. The conductor was in hailing distance. I looked up with a ghastly smile, wishing to appear cheerful, and said: 'We are going a little smoother I see.' 'Yes,' said the conductor, 'we're off the track now.'"

Is Life Worth Living?

Czarina. "Ah me! Life is scarcely worth living!"

Czar (earnestly). "I don't know about that, my dear. What are our trials compared with those of an American baseball umpire?"

Hamlet's Advice to the Players.

Western Tragedian (as Hamlet, to first player)—"Speak the speech, I pr-r-ray ye, as I pr-r-ronounce it tew ye, tr-r-rip-peengllee on the teongue; but if ye me-outh it as many of your-r play-yer-rs doo, I had as lief the teown-cr-r-rier-r-spake me lines."

FORCED MERRIMENT.

Remarkable Effects of the Inhalation of Naphtha.

A remarkable effect was produced the other day on some thirty young women employed at a large India rubber works by inhaling the fumes of naphtha used on the premises. One after another they began to dance, while uttering shrill peals of laughter and throwing their limbs about in extraordinary fashion. The infection rapidly spread among those who had not come under the influence of the naphtha, and in a few minutes the whole place was in an uproar. The manager sent in all haste for half a dozen doctors. On their arrival the excited workwoman rushed on them, laughing like maniacs, and before they were aware of it these venerable practitioners were dragged and pushed into the work room, where they were forced against their will to join the frantic dance, waltzing, polkaing, jumping and whirling in spite of their vigorous protests. On recovering from their surprise they made tremendous efforts to get away from the mad crowd. Most of the women had to be carried out by main force and conveyed home in cabs. On getting into the open air their excitement gradually calmed down; but work had to be suspended at the factory during several hours.

George Washington on His Travels.

A few days ago a stranger stopped for the night at a village hotel in Iowa, and, as he wrote the name of "George Washington" on the register, he remarked to the landlord:

"You have probably heard of me?"

"No—o—a; can't say that I have."

"What! Never heard of Washington?"

"No. I know lots of folks, but they are named Jones, Brown, Smith, or something of that sort. What's your perticklar lay?"

"Why, I'm the Father of My Country."

"Yes. Well, that's all right and perfectly respectable, I suppose. Our rates are a dollar a day, and you won't find any bugs in the bed."

Next morning, as the stranger went to settle his bill, the landlord seemed a bit embarrassed, and said:

"I was telling the family last night that you was George Washington. My boy said as how he had read about you in his school books."

"Yes, I'm the man."

"I went and hunted up a reader, and I see that you fit the British?"

"I did."

"And finally licked him?"

"Yes, sir."

"Wall, that was real good in you. About a mile up the road I've got the nicest lot of turnips in the State of Iowa. If the stage will stop for you, you can pull all you can eat, but if you knock any rails off the fence please put 'em back again. George Washington, eh. I'll write that name down so as to remember it."

A Nation of Smokers.

The Burmese are a nation of smokers. Every man, woman and child, from the king downward, may be said to smoke immense cheroots four or five inches long, made of a coarse leaf rolled up and filled with wood chips, raw sugar and a dash of tobacco, according to taste. One of these cheroots, once lit, frequently passes round the entire family circle, not forgetting even the smallest member of it. The practice of tattooing the body from the waist to the knees may almost be said to be universal among the male population. The operation is extremely painful, and in most cases it is performed in instalments; but some with stronger nerves, or by the aid of opium, have it done at one time. The absence of tattoo marks is regarded as not very creditable; and those without them wear their dress in such a way that the want shall not be too evident. The origin of tattooing has been much disputed. The Burmese are fond to a surprising degree of gambling, amusements and sports, or of anything that will excite them. Boat racing is a national sport, while boxing, foot racing and wrestling afford an endless fund of amusement. The tug of war is a favorite amusement of theirs, into which they throw themselves with great zest.—[London Graphic.

No Change.

"Got cider here?" he asked of a farmer on the market.

"Yes."

"Fresh?"

"Just made yesterday."

"I used to make cider myself."

"Did you?"

"Thousands of barrels. Ten years ago the proportion used to be six gallons of water to every barrel of cider. I wanted to ask you if there had been any change since then."

"Guess not; haven't heard of any," was the candid answer.—[Detroit Free Press.

The Whisky Test.

An Irishman had been sick a long time, and while in this state would occasionally cease breathing, and life be apparently extinct for some time, when he would again come to. On one of these occasions, when he had just awakened from his sleep, Patrick asked him:

"An' how'll we know, Jimmy, when you're dead—you're after wakin' up ivery time?"

"Ah, thin, bring me a glass of grog, an' say to me, 'Here's till ye, Jimmy,' an' if I don't rise up and drink, then bury me."

Cæsar Proposes.

What was Cæsar's temperament?
He was very resolute.
Did he ever fall in love?
He did.
Where did Cæsar fall in love?
In Gaul.
With whom did he fall in love?
A Gallic or a German maiden.

What historical evidence can you produce in support of all this?

It is said, when Cæsar came to the Rhine he immediately proposed to Bridget (bridge it).

Curing the Measles.

A lady who had two children sick with the measles, wrote to a friend for the best remedy. The friend had just received a note from another lady inquiring the way to make pickles. In the confusion the lady who inquired about the pickles received the remedy for the measles, and the anxious mother of the sick children read with horror the following: "Scald them three times in very hot vinegar, sprinkle them with salt and in a very few days they will be cured."

HOBSON'S CHOICE.

A thief on his trial [illegible]
"Of what use," queried he, "will my evidence be?
If I tell the whole truth, I shall get the Old Nick;
If I tell what's not true, the Old Nick will get me."
—[Francis E. Leupp in the Century.

The Decline of Politics.

Angry Old Gent—"Now, then, I thought I told you children not to play around this stoop. If you don't clear out this instant I'll have you arrested. Do you hear me? I'll have you all taken to jail."

Eldest Nuisance—"Ah, you can't skeer us [illegible]"

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
FRIDAY, - - DECEMBER 25, 1885.

THE Common Council of Madison, Wisconsin, has inaugurated a war against the skating rinks in that place, and are determined to get rid of them. Half a dozen divorce suits and a frightful amount of scandal originating at these resorts are the reasons assigned by the members for their action.

OF the four hundred and one members of the Senate and House at Washington, two hundred and eighty-five are lawyers. In such a multitude of counsel, according to the old adage, their ought to be a great deal of wisdom, but it often happens that very little of that useful article is visible to the naked eye.

THE wealth of the late William H. Vanderbilt having been definitely ascertained to have amounted to about one hundred and ninety millions of dollars, and the present population of the United States being estimated at sixty millions, the dead millionaire could have given every man, woman and child in the country a $3 Christmas present and have had ten millions left.

AT a meeting of representative citizens held at Indianapolis on Saturday week, an association, to be known as the Hendricks Monument Association, was organized, the object of which is explained by the title. A committee composed of over 5,000 citizens, representing every county and town in the State, was appointed, and the work of canvassing for subscriptions will be immediately begun.

A BILL to retire the trade dollar has been again introduced in the Senate by Senator Mitchell, of this State, and referred to the Finance Committee. It provides "that until July 1, 1886, trade dollars, if not defaced, mutilated or stamped, shall be received at the office of the Treasurer or any Assistant Treasurer of the United States." The second section provides that these trade dollars shall not be re-issued, but sent to the mint for re-coinage into standard silver dollars. The third section repeals all laws authorizing the coinage or issuance of trade dollars.

ON the fourth page of our paper we publish an important Act of Assembly passed at the last session of the Legislature, regulating the collection of taxes in the several boroughs and townships of the State. The provisions of the act will go into effect at the next February or spring election, when one person to be styled "Collector of Taxes" will be elected, whose duty it will be to collect *all* the borough and township taxes except the road taxes, not payable in money, which may be worked out as heretofore. As the act entirely alters the mode of collecting the different borough and township taxes and enlarges the duties of the Collector, the people ought to see to it that the best and most competent men are selected.

BOTH branches of Congress adjourned on Monday until Tuesday, January 5th. Up to the adjournment Congress had been in session two weeks and during that time 720 bills had been introduced into the Senate, and in the House on Monday when it adjourned at 5 P. M., 1,004 bills bills were offered and referred although only 14 of the 38 States had been called, commencing at Alabama and stopping at Maine. Assuming these figures as a basis can any man even make a guess at the number of bills that will fall upon the two houses like the leaves of the forest in autumn, by the first day of next April or May? Men may come and men may go, but the business of making laws, both National and State, in this country, goes on forever. It is an old saying, but there never was a truer one, that "The world is governed too much."

THE editor of the Johnstown *Tribune* in referring to the bill introduced into the Senate by Mr. Hoar, of Massachusetts, to repeal the Tenure of Office act passed in 1867 to tie up the hands of Andrew Johnson, by providing that persons appointed to office under the National Government should not be removed until their terms (four years) have expired, except by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, says the bill ought to pass, for the reason that "whatever administration is in power should be responsible for all its acts, and therefore should have such subordinates as best suit its purposes." This is precisely the text of every Democratic sermon that has been preached since Cleveland was inaugurated, and when it is remembered that the editor of the *Tribune* is the Republican Postmaster at Johnstown, the candor and directness of his position on this question are alike creditable to him, although exceptional from a Republican standpoint. There isn't anything of the political sneak in the composition of the Johnstown Postmaster.

GALUSHA A. GROW is determined to be "vindicated," as the saying goes, and with that end in view he has announced himself as a candidate to succeed John I. Mitchell in the United States Senate at the election to take place by the Legislature next January one year. Grow proposes to visit all the counties in the State in which the Republicans are in the majority, at or about the time of their County Conventions, and secure instructions for himself on the plea that he was unjustly treated by the Cameron ring in 1881.—We don't believe that Galusha A. will succeed in accomplishing the work he has set before himself during the coming summer. For several years past he has been regularly pushed to the front at the opening of each important election to do the heavy preliminary work of the campaign, and he always did it, after which he was quietly shelved, the men who bent him to their own purposes not having any more use for him. His fate in the future can be safely predicted from his experience in the past.

"SHERMAN or death" is the watchword in Ohio Republican circles just now, a correspondent at Columbus, the Capital, having proclaimed that "the Republican legislator who sells out this time will be hanged." This bloody threat has its origin in the fear that in some mysterious way *two* of the *three* Republican majority on joint ballot in the Legislature may be switched off the main Republican track to the Democratic siding, and send some other man than Sherman to the Senate. There is not much, if any probability that this will be done, and Sherman's election, we think, is assured. The threat, above quoted, to hang any Republican who bolts Sherman, had its counterpart in this State in 1863 when the Democrats had a majority of *one* on joint ballot and Simon Cameron undertook by his well known arts to defeat Charles R. Buckalew, the Democratic nominee for Senator, and carry off the prize himself. To effect this some Democrat had to be bought and this important matter had been well attended to, according to the subsequent report of a committee of the House of which Cyrus L. Pershing, who then represented this county, was chairman. Alderman "Bill" McMullen, of Philadelphia, however, appeared at Harrisburg on the morning of the day of the election, and with him came one hundred of his trusted associates, each carrying on his person a revolver, pledged by a solemn oath to shoot down any Democrat who deserted Buckalew for Cameron. The member who had been bribed didn't want to be shot just at that time and voted for Buckalew, who was elected by a majority of 67 to 66 for Cameron. The only difference between the two cases is that at Harrisburg the Democratic traitor was to be shot, while at Columbus the Republican Judas is to be strung up as high as Haman.

A CONVENTION composed of the Mayors and Aldermen of twenty-one cities in Iowa met a week ago yesterday at Des Moines, and resolved to ask the Legislature for a modification of the prohibitory law, which will permit cities containing a population of four thousand or more to control the sale of liquor as they think best, provided no license is issued for less than five hundred dollars. An exhaustive review of the workings of Prohibition, as illustrated in ninety-nine counties in Iowa, including every city and town of three hundred inhabitants, has just been given to the public by Mr. Sutton, a member of the State Senate of that State. He says that while the small villages in some instances have been enabled to enforce the law, in the larger cities and towns there is practically no effort made to abolish the traffic. Des Moines, Mr. Sutton says, which two years ago, under a high license law, had reduced the number of its saloons to sixty, now has one hundred and seventy-five; Davenport reports an increase of thirty; Dubuque, one hundred and twenty-six; Keokuk, thirteen; Sioux City, twenty-five, and Ottumwa reports "four times as many and ten times as bad." Waterloo, a place of six thousand inhabitants, reports a reduction from twenty to sixteen, together with less drunkenness, less loafing, less carousing, but it is explained that this is the result, not of Prohibition, but of an annual tax of $275 levied on the saloons, without regard to the prohibitory law. According to Senator Sutton's facts, Prohibition in Iowa is a lamentable failure, as it has been in every State where the experiment has been tried.

GEN. ROBERT TOOMBS died at his home in Washington, Ga., on Tuesday of last week, in the 76th year of his age. Forty years ago he was elected to Congress and continued to serve in that body until he was elected to the Senate in 1853. He was re-elected for a second term, which would have expired on March 4, 1865, but he was expelled from that body in March, 1861, a few days after Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated President. In his day he was the most popular man in Georgia, and one of the most remarkable men that the South ever produced. After he left the Senate he became Secretary of State for the Southern Confederacy for a brief period, then a Confederate Senator, and afterwards a Brigadier General in the Southern army. His political disabilities were never removed, simply because he defiantly refused to ask Congress to do so. He was a splendid looking man and, being in good circumstances, maintained a most hospitable home. He always declared that Daniel Webster was the greatest man he ever knew; that Henry Clay's power over men was unequalled; that John C. Calhoun was the greatest logician that ever sat in the Senate, and that the two most eloquent men he ever heard were Rufus Choate, of Massachusetts, and Sergeant S. Prentiss, of Mississippi, to which State he went from Portland, Maine, as a school teacher.—Gen. Toombs always denied that he had ever said that he would live to call the roll of his slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill monument, but said "that was a fancy lie started by John P. Hale, of New Hampshire."

SO MANY contradictory reports as to what Mr. Gladstone would or would not do in regard to Home Rule for Ireland in the event of his resumption of the reins of government, have been published in the English newspapers and reproduced in this country, that he has thought proper to define his position by publishing the following:

> HAWARDEN, Dec. 19, 1885.
>
> If I should at any time have any plan or intention to announce on the question of Irish government it will be done publicly and on my own responsibility, not by an anonymous and irresponsible declaration. My political friends are assured that I remember my obligations to them, and they may safely understand that I am bound to none of the ideas respecting home rule for Ireland recently announced in my name. After saying this much I hold myself excused from replying to further inquiries, rumors or allegations regarding the Irish question.
>
> WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE.

The Orangemen in the province of Ulster are terribly excited over the policy towards Ireland which has been imputed to Mr. Gladstone, and regard Home Rule under a Parliament elected by the Irish people and sitting in Dublin, as the most dire of all curses that could be inflicted upon that country.—They even threaten to start a big civil war if the demands of Parnell, backed up by nine-tenths of the Irish people, are complied with. Orangemen have always been abject slaves to English royalty, and "the right Divine of Kings to govern wrong."

HOME RULE FOR IRELAND.

There appears to be little doubt that Mr. Gladstone is prepared to submit a comprehensive Home-Rule plan for Ireland, even if the announcement of the details of his scheme as described in the cable reports should prove premature. The absurdity of the prejudice against permitting Ireland to manage her own local affairs has been made more apparent than ever by the foolish ravings of the English press about the result of the elections and the power held over the new Parliament by Mr. Parnell, and it is natural that the Liberals, who are more progressive and better disposed to consider the people's rights than the Conservatives, should be the first to accept the inevitable.

Home Rule must come. The only question is, From which side will it come? There is nothing in the scheme attributed to Mr. Gladstone that ought to be objectionable to England. An Irish Parliament would, of course, be a fundamental necessity of Home Rule; but of what value would a Parliament be if the Imperial authority held a veto over its acts? Imagine the Legislature of New York or any other American State being subject to the veto of the President.

If Home Rule is given to Ireland at all it must be honest Home Rule, by which the people of Ireland in their own way and through their own representatives may regulate all their home affairs, and especially their own police. If the Imperial authority should control the police any pretense of Home Rule in Ireland would be a sham. Our own Southern States had a taste of such a policy when ruled by Federal bayonets, which changed home rule into carpet-bag rule.

Ireland will succeed because her claim is just. It is constitutional and not revolutionary. It asks not concessions but consistency. It seeks no more for one part of the United Kingdom than another part enjoys. What would Englishmen think if all their local affairs, including their police, were ruled from Ireland? Ought they not to consider what Irishmen must feel when they have no local rights, but are ruled wholly from England?

Parnell is the Deak of Ireland. Ireland is England's Hungary. And the similitude will be borne out by the result. Deak devoted himself to resisting the encroachments of the Central Government at Vienna on the rights of his country, and to removing those abuses which for years had been a blight and a curse to a naturally great, patriotic and progressive people. Parnell is devoting himself to freeing Ireland from oppression and injustice that have dragged her backward while the world has been advancing, and have turned the light-heartedness, generosity and loyalty of a bright, brave and genial people into moroseness and revengefulness.

Revolution did not enter into Deak's plans. It does not enter into Parnell's plans. But revolution came in Hungary in 1848 and wrested from the Government the laws of 1848, which conceded every important demand Deak had ever made. The bad faith of Austria afterwards sought to nullify those laws, and it was not until after the disastrous battle of Sadowa that Francis Joseph was prepared to submit to the just demands Deak had always insisted upon, and the result was the present dualistic system of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy.

What is the consequence? While formerly a German was not tolerated in Hungary, to day he is treated as courteously as a person of any other nationality, and while the Emperor and Empress of Austria are not thought of the the King and Queen of Hungary receive the enthusiastic recognition of the people.

Parnell, the Irish Deak, will secure Home Rule for his country, let us hope, without bloodshed, and before long who knows but an Englishman will be as welcome in Limerick as he is Middlesex, while the people of Kilkenny will shout themselves hoarse in honor of the Queen of Ireland?

Only the other day Prince Bismarck and the Emperor William stood stoutly up for Home Rule by denying the right of the German Reichstag to interpellate Prussia on the subject of the exclusion of the Poles—that being a matter of Prussian Home Rule to be acted on by the Prussian Landtag alone.

Home Rule exists in Germany, in Austria, in the United States and in England. Why should it not be applied to Ireland?—*N. Y. World.*

BOYS AGAIN.

It is related of the late Judge Black that, in 1857, just after he was appointed Attorney General of the United States, he was staying at the Astor House, in New York. Scores of leading politicians called upon him. One day a small, gray-haired man arrived at the hotel, and registered himself as Judge J. Williams, Iowa. On seeing the name of Judge Black on the book he took a card and wrote: "The Supreme Judge of Iowa presents his compliments to the Attorney General of the United States." He sent this up to Judge Black's room, together with a half sheet of paper on which he had written:

"Oh, Jerry, dear Jerry, I've found you at last!
And memory, burdened with scenes of the past,
Returns to old Somerset's mountains of snow,
When you were but Jerry and I was but Joe."

In less than three minutes the great, dignified Judge Black was coming down the stairs, two steps at a time, with a little bell boy in close pursuit. Two old schoolmates and law students were together after a separation of some thirty years. Two old men embraced each other, and neither was able to utter a word.

THAT tenacious and prolific little carpet-bagger, the English sparrow, appears to have about lived down the persecution of his American opponents, but the strongest indictment yet preferred against him comes from far off South Australia. Two pairs of the birds were let loose in Adelaide a few years ago, and it is said they have already multiplied to two millions—not scattered throughout the colony, but crowded into the settled districts, a fact which is adduced as evidence that they do not subsist upon insects or wild berries, but feed almost entirely upon the fruit and grain produced by civilization. A recent letter from Adelaide thus pictures the havoc made by the voracious marauders: "The sparrows are now busy picking off the almond fruit buds as they swell, and the peach, apricot and plum will be attended to in due course. Should any buds be spared the sparrows are early in their attentions to the ripening fruit, and the grain before ready for reaping will be cleared by them. In the sparrow we have an enemy far worse than the red rust, locust or Russians, and what with the favorable climate, the absence of natural enemies, and the immense breeding grounds in the ranges, my impression is that unless some effective remedy is found the whole colony will, in less than twenty years, be reduced to a mere sheep walk." Again the sparrows must go.

THE London *World* says: "The Empress Eugenie leaves Farnsborough this week for Hyeres, where she has taken a villa for five months. The Empress has been far from well during the last few weeks. She has not benefitted by her Carlsbad cure this year, nor did she get much good by her subsequent stay in the Tyrol.

THE DEMOCRATIC RECORD.

In the course of the debate on the Revision of the Rules, the Hon. Samuel J. Randall said: "Since the House has been under Democratic control there has not been an acre of land or a dollar of subsidy appropriated." This is true to the letter and line. When the Democracy, after years of exclusion from power, obtained, during the second Administration of Gen. Grant, the control of the House of Representatives, every department of the Government was reeking with corruption. Robeson ruled the Navy, and the plunderers in that branch of the service were supreme. Belknap was at the head of the War Department, and the swindlers who had fastened themselves there were robbing right and left. The Star-Route thieves were pillaging the Post-Office. The land-stealing corporations had full swing in the Interior Department. The whiskey men were tapping the Treasury. On every hand were to be found bribery, fraud and general rascality. The accession of the Democracy to the control of the House of Representatives brought the long debauch of corruption to an end.

As Mr. Randall said, "Not an acre of land or a dollar of subsidy was appropriated." The Republican party gave to corporations, like the Pacific railroad companies, territories almost as large as some the European States. It gave the same corporations "subsidies" amounting to the revenues of European monarchs. In all history no parallel can be found to the carnival of Republican corruption that set in during the period immediately following the war era.—When Samuel J. Randall rapped the last session of the Forty-fourth Congress to order as Speaker the Republican raids on the Treasury came to an end. In the Forty-fifth and the Forty-sixth Congresses the splendid record of Democratic economy and honesty which he was so instrumental in inaugurating was continued, and the victories that have since followed the party in nearly every State in the Union were made possible. To-day only a few votes in the Senate stand between the Democracy and the complete control of the Government. It would be the supremest folly to reverse or to abandon a policy which has accomplished so much in so short a time.

THE Chicago *Tribune* has heard the rumor that Logan intends to oppose the confirmation of the President's appointees in that city, and after stating that it is "doubtless incorrect," opposes against such action a number of reasons, of which the following is the most conclusive to the Republican mind: "Preventing the confirmation of Democratic appointees will not put the Republicans back in the positions they held before the administration became Democratic. It will only result in substitution of other and perhaps less competent officials from the ranks of the dominant party." These lines contain the chief beauty of the situation. Roar as he pleases, Logan cannot put the Republicans back in office or keep the Democrats out. With the aid of the Republican Senate he might do something to make the offices go round among the Democrats. But that is all.

A Valuable Medical Treatise.

The edition for 1886 of the sterling Medical Annual, known as Hostetter's Almanac, is now ready, and may be obtained, free of cost, of druggists and general country dealers in all parts of the United States, Mexico, and indeed in every civilized portion of the Western Hemisphere. This Almanac has been issued regularly at the commencement of every year for over one-fifth of a century. It combines, with the soundest practical advice for the preservation and restoration of health, a large amount of interesting and amusing light reading, and the calendar, astronomical calculations, chronological items, etc., are prepared with great care, and will be found entirely accurate. The issue of Hostetter's Almanac for 1886 will probably be the largest edition of a medical work ever published in any country. The proprietors, Messrs. Hostetter & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., on receipt of a two cent stamp, will forward a copy by mail to any person who cannot procure one in his neighborhood.

MR. WARNER, of Ohio, threatens to introduce in the House immediately after the holidays a bill which practically means the payment of the entire National debt in large white silver dollars. Mr. W., strange to say, does not own a silver mine, but he is intimately related to the Rag Baby, which was strangled in Ohio a few years ago, and this accounts in a measure for his eccentricities.

"Elia" and Charles Lamb.

A unique genius, that of Charles Lamb Just like nothing that has ever appeared before them or has since appeared, are the quaint and delightful "Essays of Elia," a new edition of which has recently been issued by Alden, "The Literary Revolution" publisher, of New York. Turn to any of your cyclopedias and they will tell you that Charles Lamb was one of the most charming essayists that the English language has ever known, and also that his "Essays of Elia" are the choicest of his works. They are not merely the first work of their class, but like "Pilgrims Progress" and "Robison Crusoe," they constitute a class by themselves. The volume is certainly one of the most delightful of the books described in Mr. Alden's 148-page catalogue, which he offers to send for four cents, or his 16 page catalogue which is sent free. Address, John B. Alden, Publisher, New York City.

—A pathetic incident occurred the other day in connection with the death of Stewart the lion tamer, at Paris. Stewart was in possession of an old and favorite lion, which was in the habit of living with him in his room, instead of being confined with the other beasts. The animal was discovered stretched lifeless across the dead body of his master, and as he was otherwise in a perfectly healthy condition, it is supposed that he died through sheer grief.

An Enterprising, Reliable House.

E James can always be relied upon, not only to carry in stock the best of everything, but to secure the Agency for such articles as have well-known merits, and are popular with the people, thereby sustaining the reputation of being always enterprising, and ever reliable. Having secured the Agency for the celebrated Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, will sell it on a positive guarantee. It will surely cure any and every effection of Throat, Lungs, Chest, and to show our confidence, we invite you to call and get a Trial Bottle Free.

—The largest vine in the world is said to be one growing at Oys, Portugal, which has been in bearing since 1802. Its maximum yield was in 1864, in which year it produced grapes in sufficient quantity to make 165 gallons of wine; in 1874, 146¼ gallons, and in 1884 only 79¼ gallons. It covers an area of 5,315 square feet, and the stem at the base measures 6½ feet in circumference.

ANY man or woman making less than $40 weekly should try our easy money-making business. We want agents for our celebrated Madame Dean Spinal Supporting Corsets; also, our Spinal Supporter, Shoulder Brace, and Abdominal Protector Combined (for Men and Boys). No experience required. Four orders per day give the Agent $150 monthly. Our Agents report four to twenty sales daily. $3 outfit free Send at once for full particulars. State sex. LEWIS SCHIELE & Co., 390 Broadway, N. Y.

—A Chicago street corner lot that was bought thirty years ago for less than $9,000 has just been leased for ninety-nine years at an annual rental of $35,000. A ten-story building, to cost a round million, will be erected upon it.

WHO does not delight to see a good-looking face? Yet erysipelas disfigures the features almost beyond recognition. But that is not the worst of it. This disease is as dangerous as it is repulsive. It is sometimes called "St. Anthony's Fire," and often causes sudden death. Mr. S. B. Carpenter, of Grandville, N. Y., had it in both legs and was cured by Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. This medicine excels all others for the blood. Especially adapted to persons in feeble health.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—A raft of 800,000 feet of hard wood timber is being made up at Two Rivers, Nova Scotia, and will be towed to New York.

—For women in delicate health, no medicine equals Hunt's Remedy. All female complaints are speedily cured by it. It never fails.

—The cow of Mr. Norton, of Hudson, Mich., gorged herself with oats and was dying, when Norton cut a hole in her side, took out two bushels of oats and saved her life.

—The new British man-of-war Camperdown, built of steel, at at a cost of $2,375,000 is the heaviest ship ever launched in England. It will be three years before she is ready for sea.

—It is believed that in ten years Yankton, D. T., will be an inland town. In front of the city, where the river ran twenty feet deep five years ago, there are now 100 acres six feet above high water mark.

—The Connecticut Supreme Court in the case of Griswold vs. the New York & England railroad decides that a railroad company is not responsible in damages for injuries to a person traveling on a free pass. Griswold was killed and his heirs sued.

—A report received at the Treasury Department from Special Agent O. L. Spaulding, at San Francisco shows that during the three years ended August 1, 1885, the number of Chinese who left the United States was 41,322 and the number who arrived 20,077.

—In Georgia colored people own 600,000 acres of land and pay taxes on about $10,000,000 of property. In the whole of the South their taxable property is put down at about $100,000. In South Carolina 66,429 of the 122,093 pupils of the public schools are colored.

—Madame De Lesseps, wife of M. De Lesseps, the well-known engineer, who has been delivered of a daughter, is only thirty-five years of age. M. De Lesseps is now in his eighty-first year. This is their eleventh child. At their marriage he was sixty-five and she nineteen.

—A young man in the vicinity of Kimball, Dakota, made his tongue so offensive to ladies that the ladies gathered feathers, the men tar, and some 40 of them turned out to equip the fellow in that uniform, but he saw the shadow of the coming event, and skipped the country, and will not be likely to return.

—An object of public curiosity, near New Philadelphia, Ohio, is a man who never shears the wool from his sheep, or plucks his geese, nor "rings" his swine. He says it is sinful to interfere with nature. His own hair and beard are never shorn, nor are his nails cut. Every utensil about the farm is home made.

—The sheriff of Monroe, Ga., last week attached the animals of a circus for a debt of $10,000. An elephant, monkeys, a sea lion, &c., were quietly turned over to him, and he has since been in a quandary. He cannot handle or do anything with the animals, and the circus men simply stand off and enjoy his discomfiture.

—The negro Andrew Jackson, who perpetrated the horrible crime at Mink Prairie Texas, on Friday night, was run to cover on Saturday by bloodhounds at a point about fifteen miles from the scene of the murder. When the dogs got the scent they followed him day and night for 24 hours through a most circuitous path in the dense woods. The murderer waded creeks for long distances to throw the dogs off the scent, but they bayed him and he took to a tree, where he was captured by officers some hours later. He was taken to the county jail badly cut up around the legs and face from his wild chase in the underbrush. It is thought an attempt will be made to lynch him.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. For sale by E. James.

—A good fat sheep was grazing in a field near Pleasant this State, when a big bald eagle swooped down upon it like a lightning bolt. It buried its talons so deep in the sheep's back that it could not release itself, and the sheep ran home, when the immense bird was captured.

THE untidy, dirty appearance of a grizzly beard should never be allowed. Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers will readily change their color to a brown or black, at discretion, and thus keep up your reputation for neatness and good looks.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS —THE BEST TONIC.

Trade Mark. QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY. On Every Bottle.

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely **Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.**

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the **Kidneys and Liver.**

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to **Women**, and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do.*

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

☞ The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.

Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

An Efficient Remedy

In all cases of **Bronchial and Pulmonary Affections** is AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. As such it is recognized and prescribed by the medical profession, and in many thousands of families, for the past forty years, it has been regarded as an invaluable household remedy. It is a preparation that only requires to be taken in very small quantities, and a few doses of it administered in the early stages of a **cold or cough** will effect a speedy cure, and may, very possibly, save life. There is no doubt whatever that

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Has preserved the lives of great numbers of persons, by arresting the development of **Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, and Pulmonary Consumption, and by** the cure of those dangerous maladies. It should be kept ready for use in every family where there are children, as it is a medicine far superior to all others in the treatment of **Croup**, the alleviation of **Whooping Cough**, and the cure of **Colds and Influenza**, ailments peculiarly incidental to childhood and youth. Promptitude in dealing with all diseases of this class is of the utmost importance. The loss of a single day may, in many cases, entail fatal consequences. Do not waste precious time in experimenting with medicines of doubtful efficacy, while the malady is constantly gaining a deeper hold, but take at once the speediest and most certain to cure,

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

H. H. MYERS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENN'A.
☞ Office in Collonade Row, Centre street.

VIRGINIA FARMS Mild Climate. Cheap homes. Northern Colony. Send for circular. A. O. BLISS, Centralia, Va.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.

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MALARIAL POISON.

The principal cause of nearly all sickness at this time of the year has its origin in a disordered Liver, which, if not regulated in time, great suffering, wretchedness and death will ensue. A gentleman writing from South America says: 'I have used your Simmons' Liver Regulator with good effect, both as a prevention and cure for malarial fevers on the Isthmus of Panama.'

TAKE
SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR,
A Purely Vegetable Medicine.
AN EFFECTUAL SPECIFIC
FOR
MALARIOUS FEVERS,
BOWEL COMPLAINTS,
JAUNDICE,
COLIC,
RESTLESSNESS,
MENTAL DEPRESSION,
SICK HEADACHE,
CONSTIPATION,
NAUSEA,
BILIOUSNESS,
DYSPEPSIA, &c

If you feel drowsy, debilitated, have frequent headache, mouth tastes badly, poor appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from torpid liver or "biliousness," and nothing will cure you so speedily and permanently as to take

SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR.

It is given with safety, and the happiest result, to the most delicate infant. It takes the place of quinine and bitters of every kind. It is the cheapest, purest and best family medicine in the world.

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CONSUMPTION

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IMPORTANT TO CITIZENS OF E
ENSBURG AND VICINITY.

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☞ FARM IMPLEMENTS, FORKS, SPADES, BLAC
☞ SMITH TOOLS, HORSE SHOES, HARROW
☞ NAILS OF ALL KINDS, BAR IRON and STEEL
☞ HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS, RE-
☞ VOLVERS, CUTLERY, GUNS, SHELLS,
☞ CARTRIDGES, TWINES, CORDAGE,

Referring to the above, we respectfully ask the citizens of E burg and surrounding country for a share of their patronage. have been regularly trained in the hardware business, have b our goods for cash and believe we can offer great inducemen those who desire to purchase.

E. DUFTON & SON.

EBENSBURG, April 3, 1885.

—If you wish to Farm for Profit, READ—
"HOW THE FARM PAYS," 412 pages, $2.5
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All By PETER HENDERSON.

Any of the above books mailed free on receipt of the pri Catalogue for 1886, of 140 pages, containing descriptions and il trations of the *newest, best,* and *rarest SEEDS and PLANTS,* mailed on receipt of 6 cts. in stamps to cover postage.

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1886. 1886.

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DOUBLE THICK
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Most economical Rubber Boot in the market. Lasts longer than any other boot and the

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Call and examine the goods.

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FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR
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Address, THE SUN, New York City.

AGENTS WANTED
Lamp Chimneys. Bears heavy falls; your weight on it; stands cold water thrown on hot chimney; sells at sight. Sample 25c.; one dozen by express, $1.25. NON-EXPLOSIVE, SELF-EXTINGUISHING LAMP BURNER. Has nickel reflector. No blowing down chimney; fits lamp without danger. Sample mailed, 35c; one dozen by express, $2.10. Both the above mailed for Address, J. E. CLOWS, Reesville, Pa.

I CURE FITS

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address, Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

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EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - - DEC. 25, 1885.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There and the Other Place.

"A Happy Christmas to you!
For the Light of Life is born,
And His coming is the sunshine
Of this dark and wintry morn.
The grandest Orient glow must pale,
The lowliest western gleam must fail;
But His great Light,
So full, so bright,
Ariseth from thy heart to-day;
His shadow—conquering beams,
Shall never pass away."

—A Merry Christmas.

—A Happy New Year.

—No paper next week.

—For fine oysters go to the Sugar Bowl.

—For fine candies go to the Sugar Bowl.

—For fresh groceries go to the Sugar Bowl.

—No paper will be issued from the *Herald* office this week.

—A fine assortment of carving knives for sale cheap at Dufton's.

—The poor should be particularly remembered at this season of the year.

—Canon Farrar has an article on the Church in America in the North American Review.

—The forty hour's devotion will commence in the Catholic church, at Lilly, on New Year's day.

—On account of Christmas falling on Friday, our paper is issued one day earlier than usual this week.

—First-class cross-cut saws at Dufton's at prices never before heard of. You will be astonished when you learn the price.

—On Friday night of last week a high wind storm tore the tin roof off a building in Johnstown known as Hager's block.

—"A Crick in the Back" is many times a symptom of kidney disease. Hunt's [Kidney and Liver] Remedy will cure it.

—If you contemplate buying a fine watch for a Christmas present, go and see the immense stock Carl Rivinius has on exhibition.

—Make your hens lay in winter by feeding Imperial Egg Food and ground oyster shells, for sale at Zimmerman's drug store.

—As it is customary for printers to take a week's rest at this season of the year, no paper will be issued from this office next week.

—Our readers should not fail to call and see the beautiful (?) Christmas tree at the young men's club room, in Rees J. Lloyd's building.

—You will observe, no doubt, what Goetz, the tailor, of Altoona, has to say in the FREEMAN this week. Be wise and look like a man.

—Joseph Lloyd, infant son of J. Gardner Lloyd, of this place, died on Sunday morning last of Typhoid fever, aged about fourteen months.

—The best buckwheat flour to be had in the market is manufactured by the Messrs. Driggs, at their steam mill, one mile south of Ebensburg.

—Dr. John Fry, a well known dentist and a prominent citizen of Johnstown, died at his home in that place, on Sunday last, aged sixty-four years.

—The home of Santa Claus; latest novelties and big bargains in Christmas goods; endless variety and moderate prices at Zimmerman's drug store.

—The Indiana county Grand Jury week before last condemned the jail of that county and recommended the construction of a new one to cost not more than $50,000.

—Christmas is coming: if you wish to make a nice present to your friends, go and see the large stock of articles just received at Carl Rivinius' store for the holidays.

—At the Church of the Holy Name, in this place, on Christmas morning the first Mass will be at 5 o'clock, the second Mass at 7 and the third Mass at 10 o'clock.

—The banns for the marriage of Mr. Chas. Deckert, of Gallitzin, and Miss Clara Ryan, of Gallitzin, were published in St. Michael's Catholic church, Loretto, on Sunday last.

—Every buyer of goods worth fifty cents or more at Carl Rivinius' can get a sheet of music worth from 25 to 40 cents in the bargain. There are eight different kinds to select from.

—We are informed that a Hungarian laborer on the Cresson & Coalport railroad was killed by a falling tree, near Dawson's mill, one day last week. We have not learned the particulars.

—There is no excuse for your not buying a nice present for your friend or sweetheart when you can get them so nice and cheap at Carl Rivinius'. Come in time and see for yourself.

—A Pennsylvania law now offers a bounty of two dollars for every wild cat; one dollar for every red and gray fox; fifty cents for every mink, weasel and hawk, and for every owl except the screech owl.

—Judge Johnston is occupying the Judicial bench in Somerset county during the present week, trying a number of cases in which Judge Baer was interested as counsel before his elevation to the bench.

—"Fatty" Kemberling and his partner in villainy, who so dreadfully outraged a young lady at the circus grounds in Huntingdon last summer, were sentenced on Saturday last to ten years and three months in the penitentiary.

—McDonald at Loretto always pays the highest prices for good country product of all kinds, as follows: Oats, 30 cts.; corn, 60 cts.; rye, 75 cts.; wheat, $1.10; beans, $1.50 per bushel, and all other good marketable produce wanted.

—A grand ball for the benefit of the E. B. A. Library, at Carrolltown, will be held at Sharbaugh's Hall, at that place, on Thursday, next, December 31st. The managers will spare no pains to make it pleasant for every body in attendance.

—If you wish to make a useful, handsome present to your father or mother during the holidays, go to Carl Rivinius' jewelry store and select a nice pair of spectacles. He has a large assortment of all grades and the finest quality, in both gold and steel frames.

—The Marquis of Lorne, Col. Ingersoll, Millionaires Astor and Carnegie, an Irish Member of Parliament elect, John Boyle O'Reilly, Cassius M. Clay, Sir John MacDonald, and Frank B. Sanborn have articles in the January number of the North American Review.

—McDonald at Loretto sells boys boots at from $1. to $2. per pair; mens' boots from $2 to 4, children's shoes from 50 cts. to $1.; misses' shoes from 75 cts. to $1.50; ladies' shoes from $1. to $2.; misses', ladies', and men's rubbers of all kinds at lowest prices, for cash or marketable produce.

—Miss Gertie, the ten-year-old daughter of Mr. John Bevin, of Hillside, Westmoreland county, sent a fine, large white turkey to President Cleveland as a Thanksgiving present. The fowl was fattened by her own hands, and was gaily decorated with ribbons before starting on its long journey.

—McDonald at Loretto, Pa., has a lot of odds and ends in clothing that he will sell at less than cost to close them out. Pants as low as 90 cts. and upward; vests as low as $1 and upward; coats as low as $2 and upward; overcoats as low as $3 and upward, for cash or good marketable produce.

—For Christmas candies go to the Sugar Bowl.

—Congress has adjourned until after the holidays, and when they meet again it is more than likely that they will take some action in regard to buying their dry goods, dress goods, boots and shoes, groceries and provisions at John Owens' store on High street, where they can always get the best goods at the lowest prices.

—The following named persons can each get a letter by calling at the Ebensburg postoffice: E. E. Brilhart, Ephriam Boring, B. F. Becker Mr. J. McCormack, Mr. Fred Rush, Mr. Chas. A. Riddle, John H. Selman, Esq. Mr. Henry Smith, Mrs. Losey, Mrs. Emma M. Phipps, Miss Annie L. Shank.

—Dr. A. N. Wakefield, of Johnstown, while driving on Saturday last in a sleigh with his son, was upset, when the horse became unmanageable and ran off. When captured it was found that one of the horse's fore legs was broken, and in order to end his misery the Doctor had him shot. The Doctor and his son escaped unhurt.

—Mr. Joseph Prosser, of Johnstown, was employed in the shaft at Nanticoke, where a fall of sand and rock buried about forty-seven miners on Friday last. A rescuing party had been at work, but another cave-in on Monday compelled them to abandon their work, and they have now given up all hopes of ever rescuing the unfortunate miners.

—Andrew Bolin, of Conemaugh township, Indiana county, was called on the jury this week and appeared in the court room on Monday. He asked to be excused on account of his advanced age. He is eighty-six years old and that was the first time he was ever in the court house. He has lived over fifty years on the farm on which he now resides.

—The Bedford *Republican* gets in the last snake story: A few days ago a couple of sons of Fred Zimmers, of Bedford township, went to the woods to chop down some trees. Upon felling an oak tree they were surprised to find snakes crawling out of the hollow top. Twenty-five blacksnakes, somewhat stiff in the joints, were killed by the boys.

—Isaac Wolf was tried at Clearfield last week for killing Henry McGowan, who, with a party of young men, had invaded his orchard near Houtzdale last September. Wolf testified in his own behalf, and alleged that he fired his gun to frighten the young men away, and that the shooting of McGowan was accidental. The jury returned a verdict of not guilty.

—Benjamin Gilbert, of Sewickley township, says the Greensburg *Tribune*, has husked forty bushels of corn this season. There is nothing strange about this statement, except when it is taken into consideration that he is nearly ninety years of age and almost blind, and is only husking corn for amusement. The corn is pulled off the stalk and carried into his room, where he removes the husk.

—McDonald at Loretto, Pa., still holds the fort and continues to wage war against high prices. He sells dress goods as low as 5 cts per yard; canton flannels at 6 cts. per yard; all ginghams at 8 cts. per yard; best shirting at 10 cts per yard, gray flannels at 13 cts. per yard; good Kentucky jeans at 15 cts. per yard, velveteens, shawls, blankets, and all other fall and winter goods at equally low prices, for cash or good, marketable produce.

—Gen. Beauregard will give a history of the Shiloh Campaign in the January number of the North American Review. He claims that Gen. Algernon Sydney Johnson acted only as a corps commander at Shiloh. Gen. Beauregard emphatically asserts (contrary to the common belief) that he was the sole commander on both days, and, without naming them, controverts the reports of Grant and Sherman as to the nations forces being taken by surprise.

—Sister Flavia, who visited this place about a year ago and is known to many of our readers, died of typhoid pneumonia, at St. Mary's Convent, Pittsburg, on Sunday morning last. She was one of the best known teachers in the Order of Mercy, having spent thirty years in the service. About twenty five years ago she was one of the teachers in the Hollidaysburg Catholic schools. Her remains were interred at St. Xaviers, near Latrobe.

—John Bruce, a retired shoemaker, who died at the hospital in Wheeling last week worth $150,000 and without heirs, leaves all his real estate, stocks and cash, with the exception of some $6,000 which he bequeathed to Mrs. M. J. O'Kane, with whom he boarded for several years, to Bishop Kain, of that Catholic diocese, as his own forever, reserving $3,000 to be expended by Shreiff Handlan for charity as he sees fit, and $1,000 to erect a monument.

—Can you tell who is in the greatest danger of catching any infectious or epidemic disease? "Why," you say, "the person whose blood is in an impure or impoverished condition." Exactly. Such people take special complaints as dry grass bursts into flame before the sparks of a locomotive. Pure blood is a defense; it means safety, and Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is the mildest safest and surest purifier of the blood. Our chief dangers are within ourselves.

—John Howell, who murdered his four children at his farm in Starucca, Wayne county, in October last, and tried to commit suicide, has been in the Honesdale jail six weeks and in all that time has not spoken a word. He paces up and down his cell constantly in his shirt sleeves, which are rolled to the elbow. When he was placed in jail he wore a full flowing beard. This he has pulled entirely out and eaten hair by hair. He takes no notice of visitors. His trial will be held in March.

—McDonald at Loretto, Pa., sells 16 lbs. good brown sugar for $1.; 12 lbs. best white sugar for $1.; 4 lbs. good tea for $1.; 8 lbs. good green or roasted coffee for $1.; 6 lbs. best green or roasted coffee for $1.; 3 lbs. quinces for 25 cts.; 3 lbs rice for 25 cts.; 4 lbs. barley for 25 cts.; 4 lbs. bolted oats for 25 cts.; 5 lbs. oatmeal for 25 cts.; 6 lbs. hominy for 25 cts.; good molasses 40 cts. per gal.; syrup at 50 cts. per gal.; carbon oil at 12 cts. per gal.; crocks 10 cts. per gal.; tinware, queensware, glassware, and all other kinds of ware at rock bottom prices, for cash or good, marketable produce.

—W. J. Shaw, a passenger brakeman on the Pennsylvania railroad, was arrested on Thursday of last week and brought to jail the next day, charged with stealing $34 from John McCabe, son of Mr. Bart. McCabe, of this place, while rooming together at East Conemaugh. They are both brakemen, and McCabe charges that Shaw, who got up before him, went through his pockets to that extent. On Tuesday Shaw was released from jail, his father, Mr. David Shaw, of Greensburg, having entered bail for his appearance at next term of court, before Justice Strayer, at Johnstown, before whom the information was made.

—Speaking of the Cresson & Coalport Railroad, the Tyrone *Hearld* says: Judge Dean, of this county, is president of the company and is otherwise largely interested in the success of the new road. He and Israel Caldwell, of Tyrone, are the owners of not less than thirty-five hundred acres of coal and timber lands east of Clearfield Creek, and this road now passes along the base of their large and valuable territory. This property has on it over 30,000,000 feet of lumber and not less than 70,000,000 tons of prime coal. It is proposed to make an excursion over the road during the holidays, the party to consist of railroaders, lumbermen, and coal operators."

—On Sunday evening a man apparently 25 years of age and reasonably well dressed called at the residence of H. A. McGraw, at Eldorado, three miles from Altoona, and asked for whiskey and beer. He was apparently suffering from mental aberration, and labored under the delusion that he was accompanied by a woman for whom he wanted the intoxicants. Upon being informed that nothing to drink could be had there he left. On Monday morning he was found lying on the side of a hill near McGraw's residence, stark naked and in a dying condition, expiring a few moments after. His clothing was found by the side of a stream, some five rods distant. The body has not been identified.

—A foot race of one hundred and twenty-five yards, between William Smith of Johnstown, and Edward Nikirk of Pittsburg, was run at the Franklin Driving Park, near Johnstown, on Saturday last for a purse of $1,000. The race was won by Smith by about a yard, but the referee declined to decide until the crowd gathered about him and from their demonstrations, the referee concluded that the healthiest thing to do would be to make the decision, and decided in favor of Smith. When he got back to Johnstown, however, he telegraphed to the editor of the Pittsburg *Sportsman* that the decision made was forced from him and unfair, and that Nikirk had won the race by a foot. The race was run in about thirteen seconds.

—The public school directors and teachers throughout Huntingdon county are meeting with formidable opposition in their efforts to conform with the requirements of the late act of assembly relating to the introduction of text books on physiology and hygiene in the schools. A large number of parents have refused to supply their children with text books, claiming that the study of these branches will prove detrimental to the morals of their children. In consequence of this a goodly number of the pupils have been excluded from the schools by order of the directors. In the rural districts especially the opposition element is so strong that in several instances teachers have succumbed to it and are making no effort to enforce the provisions of the statute. The trouble is assuming very grave proportions, and the attention of the State Superintendent will be called to the matter.

A Disappointed Couple.

A couple from the south of the county came to this place on Monday last for the purpose of taking out a marriage license. The lady was under age, and her intended husband beforehand had taken the precaution to get the necessary blank from Clerk Brown upon which the consent of her parents was to be acknowledged, and before they started, they, in company with the young lady's father, had gone to a justice of the peace, where the old gentleman signified his willingness to have the young man become one of the family and the justice made out a certificate of the fact. The young couple came here with the certificate, and the old gentleman returned home, where everything was being done in the way of preparation for the wedding, which was to come off the same day, as soon as the couple would return with their license. But while everything went smoothly in the southern end of the county, things were not what they seemed when the couple arrived here. They were dismayed when, on applying to Clerk Brown for a license and presenting the certificate of the parents' consent, to find that the justice had signally failed in his part of the proceedings and that the certificate, which was the foundation upon which to build the balance, was not made out as it should have been, and, in fact, was of no account. They had to return without a license. The wedding was postponed; the invited guests were disbanded and notified that their presence would be required at some future occasion. We have been anxiously waiting to hear whether anything serious has happened to that justice of the peace, but up to the hour of going to press have not heard, and we presume he is still living.

Death of Hugh McMonagle.

Mr. Hugh McMonagle, an account of whose injury by being struck by an engine on the railroad near the Iron Bridge, a short distance west of the Johnstown station, on Tuesday morning of last week, appeared in our last number, died at his residence in Prospect on the following Thursday afternoon. Instead of improving after the accident, as the physician who was called to attend him had every reason to believe he would, he grew steadily worse and died at the time above mentioned. The deceased was born in Donegal county, Ireland, and was fifty-six years of age. He came to Johnstown in 1852, worked most of the time since then in the coal mines of the Cambria Iron Company, and was an industrious, hard-working man. He was a born politician and had long been a leader of the Democratic party in Prospect borough where he resided. Two years ago he was nominated by his party for Register and Recorder, and was defeated by a small majority. He went to Montana some months ago, where he engaged in mining, but returned to Prospect a short time before meeting with the accident that caused his death. Three grown sons, two grown daughters, one of whom is a widow, and one or two young daughters survive him. His remains were interred in St. John's Catholic cemetery on Sunday morning. May his soul rest in peace.

An Answer Wanted.

Can any one bring us a case of Kidney or Liver Complaint that Electric Bitters will not speedily cure? We say they cannot, as thousands of cases already permanently cured and who are daily recommending Electric Bitters, will prove. Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Weak Back, or any urinary complaint quickly cured. They purify the blood, regulate the bowels, and act directly on the diseased parts. Every bottle guaranteed. For sale at 50c. a bottle by E. James.

Nicholas Burke Found Dead.

On Tuesday morning last a man named Nicholas Burke, who lived two miles west of Cresson, was found dead in his bed. He was aged about sixty-three years, and was apparently in good health the evening previous to his death. The cause of his death is unknown.

DON'T SAY there is no help for catarrh hay fever and cold in the head, since thousands testify that Ely's Cream Balm has entirley cured them. It supersedes the dangerous use of liquids and snuffs. It is easily applied with the finger and gives relief at once. Price 50c.

I was troubled with chronic catarrh and gathering in head; was deaf at times, had discharges from ears, unable to breathe through nose. Before the second bottle of Ely's Cream Balm was exhausted I was cured.—C. J. Corbin, 923 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa

MR. J. W. CURRY, assignee of William M. Lloyd, bankrupt, exposed to sale in Altoona, on Wednesday last, thirty-seven thousand acres of coal and timber land, situate in the mountain region of Kentucky; also a tract of land in Middlecreek township, Somerset county, containing 100 acres (unimproved), and the undivided eighth part interest of all the minerals in seven tracts of land in Reade township, this county. We do not know the result of the sale.

FITS—All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia.

IT is expected that electric light will be put into use in Johnstown about the first of the new year.

ST. VINCENT'S ABBEY.

Early History of the Catholic Church in Westmoreland County.

On August 7, 1789, according to William B. Conway, of Greensburg Rev. Theodoras Brouers (as he signs his name to his last will and testament, on file in the Register's office of Westmoreland county), purchased from Arthur O'Neil and wife a tract of land containing 154¾ acres, called "O'Neil's Victory," situated on the east side of the Loyalhanna creek, in Derry township, Westmoreland county, for the consideration of "106 pounds, 7 shillings and 6 pence, lawful money of Pennsylvania." On April 16, 1790, the same priest purchased from Joseph Hunter a tract of land called "Sportsman's Hall," containing three hundred acres, and situated in Unity township, Westmoreland county, for the consideration of "475 pounds specie."

From a thorough examination of the records, as well as from outside sources, Mr. Conway is led to believe that Father Browers was the first priest to locate in Westmoreland county. The first tract of land which he purchased, called "O'Neil's Victory," is situated a short distance below the present town of Latrobe; the other tract of three hundred acres, called "Sportsman's Hall," is where the present St. Vincent's Abbey is situated. Mr. Conway calls attention to the rapid advance in the value of real estate since 1790. The price paid for the tract where St. Vincent's now stands was £475, English money, equal to about $2,200, or about $7.66 per acre. To-day this same land is worth from $300 to $500 per acre. At the time of Father Browers' arrival in the county, he having come from Conewago, York (now Adams) county, Pa., there was a population of sixteen thousand in what then constituted Westmoreland county, and the number of Catholics at that time could scarcely have been more than a few hundred. The number then within the present limits of that county must indeed have been small and scattered over a wide range of territory, and many people probably did not see a priest oftener than once a year.

A Very Quiet Wedding.

Judd Pelton, of Cleveland, and Miss Amanda Welch, of Homstead, Allegheny county, were quietly married yesterday at the home of the bride's parents. When we say they were quietly married we mean it, for both of the contracting parties are deaf mutes. Rev. John Brown, D. D., principal of the Edgewood Institute for Deaf Mutes, performed the ceremony, assisted by Prof. Fienniken, of the same Institute, as interpreter. Dr. Brown read the marrage service to Prof. Fienniken, who repeated it in the deaf mute language to the bride and groom and they responded to the clergyman through the interpreter. Around them was gathered the family, the father, mother, and five bright eyed brothers and sisters, all with emotions of pleasure and sadness mingled on their faces and yet all expressed in golden silence, for they are all deaf and dumb. The bride in the above mentioned ceremony is a daughter of Mrs. Mary Welch, formerly Miss Mary Edwards, well known to the older residents of this place, where she resided with her parents, Mr. Mark and Elizabeth Edwards, up to the time of her marrage some twenty-odd years ago. The bride is a niece of Mr. Evan Evans, of this place.

Letter from Dr. James P. Buck.

Following is an extract from a letter received from Dr. James P. Buck, by his brother in this place, dated Schopria, Servia, Dec. 2d:

"You will be surprised, no doubt, to learn that I have been appointed surgeon to the Servian Army, with rank and pay of a captain, and I have charge of all of the hospitals in Schopria—over two hundred beds—at the present time. If the war continues for any length of time, as seems now probable, there will be more work than there are doctors to attend to. We are about two hours from the seat of war. The people here treat us very nicely."

Dr. Buck left this country only a couple of months ago to attend a medical institution at Vienna, and his early promotion is very pleasant news to his many friends here.

BALLOU'S MAGAZINE.—We have received the January issue of this popular monthly, with its many new improvements. It appears in new type and a new form for the new year, making it one of the handsomest publications in the country, especially for the price. It opens with a charming serial story, by Miss Camilia Willian, entitled, "The Gilberts; or, A Double Mistake," intensely interesting, but not sensational. Also a choice variety of complete stories by the best authors which are entertaining, instructive and amusing. Illustrations, Poetry, The Housekeeper, Our Young Folks' Club, Humorous Matters, Anecdotes, etc., form a most complete publication for family reading. As the best way to test its merits, send 15 cts. to the publisher, and receive the January issue as a sample; then you can remit $1.35 for the balance of the year, if you wish to continue. Subscription price $1.50 per year, post paid. For sale by newsdealers, price 15 cts. Address, G. W. Studley, Publisher, 23 Hawley St., Boston, Mass.

NOT wishing to excite the curiosity of our readers to any greater extent than we can possibly help, we will refrain from speaking of that terrible scandal which might have occurred in this place had we such evil-disposed persons here as generally cause such. We are glad to know that our community is first-class (morally, now that we are free from the characters heretofore referred to, so we will close this item by wishing all our patrons a merry Christmas and happy New Year.

A Little Chef-d'oeuvre.

Breton Riviere's charming picture "Sympathy" has been engraved as a premium for GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for 1886, and is one of the most desirable inducements ever offered by that of any other magazine. The plate is an unusually fine one, very faithfully produced, and of a size that makes it acceptable either for the portfolio or for framing. "Sympathy" represents a fair-haired little girl sitting on a stairway, in deep distress, her little chin resting dejectedly on her hands, with a comical old dog presses close to her side, poking his nose over her shoulder, and saying as distinctly as any dog could say, "I'm awfully sorry for you." The picture is wonderfully expressive and has had an immense sale in Europe.

LAST week, says the Altoona *Times*, John Ebright, James Ripple, Charles Casey, John Prevost, Samuel Hart and Charles Breth were promoted from firemen to engineers on the Pittsburg division of the railroad. They are all young men, have faithfully served their apprenticeship as fireman and passed creditably the several examinations which they were obliged to undergo. The young engineers are now pulling the throttle on the various runs on the division.

Absurdly Stupid and Foolish

To allow prejudice or ignorance to get the better of good judgment. It has been amply shown and conclusively proven that constipation, bad breath, dyspepsia, kidney affections and all diseases of the liver, stomach and bowels have been cured and can be cured by simply taking Simmons Liver Regulator. It is harmless; not unpleasant and easily procured—so their is no reason to be ignorant of a true remedy. If you suffer, you have no excuse, for this medicine places certain relief and cure within your reach.

THE Ebensburg correspondent of the Harrisburg *Telegram* has given our town anything but a complimentary "send off". It would be as well for him to tell the readers of that paper some of the good as well as the bad actions of our people.

WORDS fail to express my gratitude," says Mr. Selby Carter, of Nashville, Tenn., "for the benefits derived from Ayer's Sarsaparilla. My system was filled with scrofula; blotches, ulcers, and mattery sores, all over my body." Mr. Carter was entirely cured by Ayer's Sarsaparilla, eight months ago, and has no return of the scrofulous symptoms.

SUBSCRIBE for the FREEMAN.

Read Our Propositions.

For two dollars and twenty cents in advance, we will send you the New York *Weekly World* and CAMBRIA FREEMAN for one year.

Or for two dollars and ninety cents we will send the *Semi Weekly World* and CAMBRIA FREEMAN for one year.

Or for six dollars and seventy-five cents we will send you the New York *Daily World* and CAMBRIA FREEMAN for one year. Subscribers who have paid their subscription in advance before this offer can can get the *World* by sending us 70c. for the *Weekly*, $1.40 for the *Semi Weekly*, or $5.25 for the *Daily World*. Subscribe at once.

Marriage Licenses Issued.

The following marriage licenses have been issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court since last week:

William Brindle and Amanda Brindle, Lilly boro.

Samuel Jenkins, Johnstown, and Letitia King, Homer City.

OBITUARY.

REVER.—Died, at his home in Buffington township, Indiana county, on Thursday of last week, Mr. Jacob Rever, aged about eighty-two years.

BOTTENBERG.—Died, in Altoona, on Friday, Dec. 18, 1885, Mrs. Amelia Bottenberg, aged seventy-four years.

To Gratify His Wife

A Good Reason for Happiness.

"For many years I had suffered from a Complaint which the physicians call Gravel. I had employed some of the most noted doctors without obtaining any permanent relief, and for a long time my case was regarded as hopeless. All who knew the circumstances said I must die. Finally my wife induced me to try a bottle of Dr. Kennedy's 'Favorite Remedy,' which she had somewhere heard of or seen advertised. Without the slightest faith in it, but solely to gratify her, I bought a bottle of a druggist in our village. I used that and two or three bottles more, and—to make a long story short—I am now as healthy a man as there is in the country.

"Since then I have recommended 'Favorite Remedy' to others whom I knew to have suffered from Kidney and Liver complaints; and I assure the public that the 'Favorite Remedy' has done its work with a similar completeness in every single instance, and I trust some other sick and discouraged mortal may hear of it and try the 'Favorite Remedy,' as I did."—*Washington Monroe, Catskill, N. Y.*

Don't Let a Foolish Prejudice against popular medicines stand between you and the health of your wife, child or baby. It is always right to advertise a blessing. Dr. Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy" is a blessing. It has saved thousands, and it will help you. If you are sick from troubles of the Kidneys, Bowels, Liver and Blood, spend One Dollar for this King of Medicines.

From Pole to Pole

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has demonstrated its power of cure for all diseases of the blood.

The Harpooner's Story.

New Bedford, June 1, 1883.

DR. J. C. AYER & Co.—Twenty years ago I was a harpooner in the North Pacific, when five others of the crew and myself were laid up with scurvy. Our bodies were bloated, gums swollen and bleeding, teeth loose, purple blotches all over us, and our breath seemed rotten. Take it by and large we were pretty badly off. All our lime-juice was accidentally destroyed, but the captain had a couple dozen bottles of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA and gave us that. We recovered on it quicker than I have ever seen men brought about by any other treatment for Scurvy, and I've seen a good deal of it. Seeing no mention in your Almanac of your Sarsaparilla being good for scurvy, I thought you ought to know of this, and so send you the facts.

Respectfully yours, RALPH Y. WINGATE.

The Trooper's Experience.

Massen, Basutoland (S. Africa,) March 7, 1885.

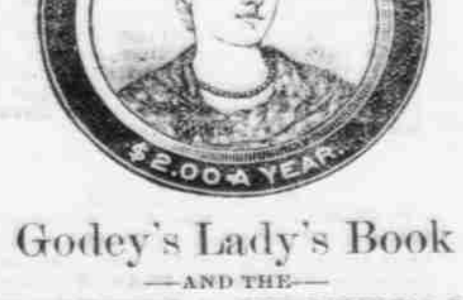
DR. J. C. AYER & Co.—Gentlemen: I have much pleasure to testify to the great value of your Sarsaparilla. We have been stationed here for over two years, during which time we had to live in tents. Being under canvas for such a time brought on what is called in this country "veldt-sores." I had those sores for some time. I was advised to take your Sarsaparilla, two bottles of which made my sores disappear rapidly, and I am now quite well.

Yours truly, T. K. BODEN,
Trooper, Cape Mounted Riflemen.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is the only thoroughly effective blood-purifier, the only medicine that eradicates the poisons of Scrofula, Mercury, and Contagious Disease from the system.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists: Price $1;
Six bottles for $5.


The MIRROR OF FASHION.
$2.00 A YEAR.

Godey's Lady's Book
—AND THE—
CAMBRIA FREEMAN
—BOTH FOR—
ONE YEAR FOR $3.50.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the first and partial account of Rebecca A. Glass (formerly Rebecca A. Christy) Administratrix of Josiah M. Christy, deceased.

The undersigned having been appointed Auditor by the Orphans' Court of Cambria County, Pa., to make distribution of the fund in the hands of said accountant, notice is hereby given that I will sit at my office, in the borough of Ebensburg, Cambria county, on *Tuesday, January 26, 1886*, at **10 o'clock, a. m.** of said day, to discharge the duties of said appointment, when and where all persons interested may attend, or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.

JOHN FENLON, Auditor.

Ebensburg, Dec. 24, 1885.-3t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Dr. W. A. BARNETT, dec'd.

Letters of Administration on the estate of Dr. W. A. Barnett, late of Croyle township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to those indebted to the said estate to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same must present them properly authenticated for settlement.

J. T. LONG, Administrator.

Summerhill, Croyle Twp., Dec. 18, 1885.-6t.

ADMINISTRATRIX' NOTICE.

Estate of HENRY BROWN, deceased.

Letters of Administration, *cum testamento annexo*, on the estate of Henry Brown, deceased, late of Wilmore borough, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to those indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same must present them properly authenticated for settlement.

MARGARET BROWN,
Administratrix.

Wilmore, Nov. 20, 1885.-6t.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between D. G. Myers and Bro. has been dissolved by mutual consent.

D. G. MYERS,
JAMES F. MYERS.

The business of the late firm will be settled up by D. G. Myers. All persons indebted to said firm will make immediate payment, and those having claims will present them without delay.

D. G. MYERS & BRO.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of DENNIS BRAWLEY, deceased.

Letters testamentary on the estate of Dennis Brawley, late of Ebensburg borough, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to those indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same must present them properly authenticated for settlement.

JOHN A. BLAIR, Executor.

Ebensburg, Nov. 20, 1885.-6t.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that John P. O'Neill, of Washington township, Cambria county, has made a general assignment for the benefit of his creditors to the undersigned. All persons indebted to the said John P. O'Neill are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present them to the assignee without delay.

PHILIP J. SANDERS, Assignee.

Nov. 20, 1885.-6t.

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that an election of Directors of the Protection Mutual Fire Insurance Company will be held at the office of the Secretary, in Ebensburg, on *Monday, 11th day of January, A. D. 1886*, between the hours of **10 a. m** and **2 p. m**.

T. W. DICK, Secretary.

VIRGINIA FARMS FOR SALE.
500 farms, 20 to 10,000 acres at $2 to $25 per acre. Good markets. Healthy climate. Favorable prospects. Write for circulars containing description. Sent **free**. PYLE & DeHAVEN, REAL ESTATE AGENTS, Petersburg, Va.

AMERICA'S FINEST CLOTHING IS MADE
—BY—
GOETZ, THE TAILOR.
LOOK LIKE A MAN.

THE NEW AND ELEGANT
—HIGH ARM—
"JENNIE JUNE"
SEWING MACHINE
IS THE BEST. BUY NO OTHER.

The LADIES' FAVORITE, because it is LIGHT RUNNING and does such beautiful work. Agents' Favorite, because it is a quick and easy seller.

AGENTS WANTED IN UNOCCUPIED TERRITORY.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

JUNE MANUFACTURING CO.
Cor. La Salle Avenue and Ontario Street,
CHICAGO, ILL.

ESTEY ORGANS
—ARE THE—
Best in the World!
Agents Wanted
Best Prices and Terms to
FIRST-CLASS MEN. ONLY RESPONSIBLE PARTIES NEED APPLY.
Jewelers, Furniture Men and Music Can Sell Our Instruments.

WE ALSO HANDLE FOR THE TRADE
—THE—
SHONINGER ORGANS,
CLOUGH & WARRENS ORGANS,
STORY & CLARK ORGANS,
STERLING ORGANS.
DECKER BROS. PIANOS,
BEHR BROS. PIANOS,
Wm. KNABE & CO.'S PIANOS
J. & C. FISSHER PIANOS.

Our business being the largest in Pennsylvania we have facilities for supplying the trade at better rates than you can possibly get from the Factory.

☞ *Correspondents Solicited. Specially Low Prices for Fall Trade.*

S. Hamilton,
87 Fifth Ave, & 150 First Ave.,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

Nov. 27.-1m.

PRIVATE SALE
—OF—
Valuable Real Estate

THE undersigned offers at Private Sale a large Two-Story Frame House and Two Lots of Ground, situate in the Borough of Wilmore, Cambria County. The property is well situated and the land in a good state for cultivation. No more desirable place for private residence could be had in said borough.

For terms apply to undersigned at Cresson, Cambria county.

ANNIE STORM.

December 9, 1885-3t

SALARY OR COMMISSION.
WANTED immediately, a few Good Men to canvass for the sale of Fruit Trees, Grape Vines, Roses, &c.— Previous experience not essential.—H. P. FREEMAN & CO., Brighton, N. Y.

FINE HOLIDAY GOODS!

LARGE ASSORTMENT!

WE have the LARGEST ASSORTMENT of Holiday Goods ever brought to Ebensburg, and ask you to step in and look at them; and don't forget to ask for what you do not see, as we have not half room enough to display the goods we have for sale. We will call your attention to a few articles. First on the list is

Silk Handkerchiefs

For LADIES and GENTLEMEN. We always did carry a Good Assortment for the holiday trade, but this year we have doubled our usual supply, and can now show you the Finest Assortment ever seen outside the large cities; and we had added an assortment of MUFFLERS, so that we can show you anything you want in either cashmere or silk. Have also just received another assortment of

Decorated Chinaware,

In Tea Sets and Chamber Sets, consisting of all the New Styles and Shapes. Also, FANCY VASES, DECORATED MUGS, and CUPS and SAUCERS, as well as Toys for the Children, and Ornaments for Christmas Trees; and a good stock of Candies ☞ We invite you all to come and see what we have for sale, whether you want to buy or not. We shall take pleasure in showing you our goods; and we think you can find something to please you when you want to make Christmas presents, whether they be for Man or Wife, Boy or Girl, or anybody else.

V. S. BARKER & BRO.,
EBENSBURG, PA.

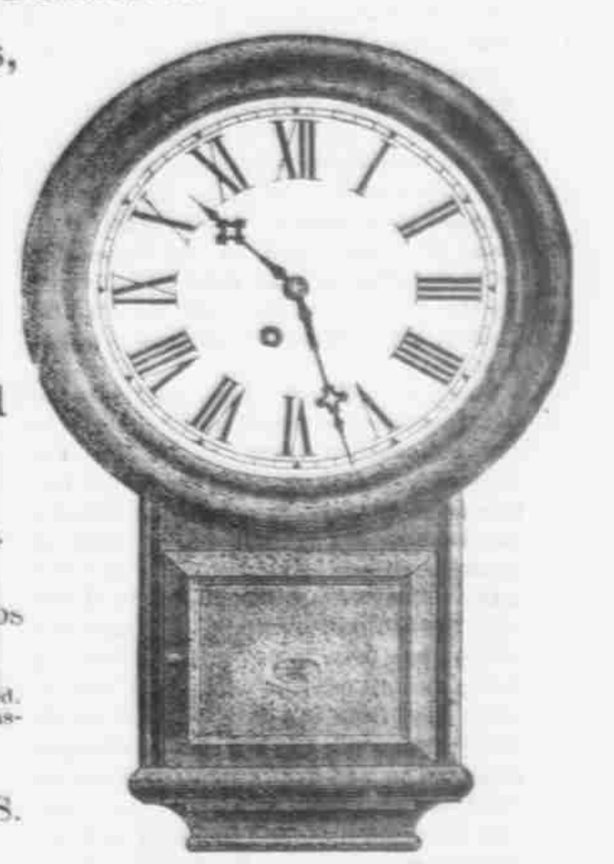
CARL RIVINIUS,
—PRACTICAL—
WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,
—AND DEALER IN—
Watches, Clocks,
—JEWELRY.—
Silverware, Musical Instruments
—AND—
Optical Goods.
Sole Agent
—FOR THE—
Celebrated Rockford
WATCHES.
Columbia and Fredonia Watches.
In Key and Stem Winders.
LARGE SELECTION OF ALL KINDS of JEWELRY always on hand.

☞ My line of Jewelry is unsurpassed. Come and see for yourself before purchasing elsewhere.

☞ ALL WORK GUARANTEED ☜

CARL RIVINIUS.

Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1885.-tf.



BOTTOM IS REACHED AT LAST

I Have Now in Store the Largest Stock of Hardware Ever Offered in the Country, all bought at Rock-Bottom Prices for Cash and all First-Class Goods. I do Not Buy or Keep in Stock Any Cheap Job Lot or Auction Goods. Whatever You Buy From me You Can Rely on Being Worth the Money You Pay for it. Owing to an Advance I am Now Selling Many Goods at Less Than I Can Replace Them at But I Shall Continue to Sell at Bottom Prices, until I am Compelled to Re-stock up. When You Want a Cooking or a Heating Stove, Tin, Hardware, Iron, Nails, Glass, Trunks and Farming Implements. Call and See my Prices. I am Not Uundersold.

G HUNTLEY.

Ebensburg August 14, 1885.

STAR SHAVING PARLOR!
Three Doors West of Postoffice,
HIGH STREET, EBENSBURG, PA.
J. H. GANT, Proprietor.

THE PUBLIC will always find us at our place of business in business hours. Everything kept neat and cozy. CLEAN TOWELS A SPECIALTY.

LORETTO HOUSE,
(Formerly known as the Myers House)
LORETTO, CAMBRIA COUNTY, PA.,
W. H. PRUNER, Proprietor.

☞ Sample Room for Salesmen and good stabling for horses. ☞ TERMS MODERATE.

Ebensburg, Sept. 25, 1885.

R. L. JOHNSTON, M. J. BUCK, A. W. BUCK.
Johnston, Buck & Co.,
BANKERS,
Ebensburg, Pa.
Money Received on Depsit,
PAYABLE ON DEMAND
INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME DEPOSITS
COLLECTIONS MADE
AT ALL ACCESSIBLE POINTS.
DRAFTS on the Principal Cities
Bought and Sold and a
General Banking Business Transacted.
ACCOUNTS SOLICITED.
A. W. BUCK, Cashier.

Ebensburg, April 4, 1884.-tf.

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THIS PAPER [illegible] N. W. AYER & SON, [illegible]